"MAKES ME TIRED."



No flower that grows
Blooms like my rose.
Tho' by love I'm hired,
Still it makes me tired—

Still it makes me tired—
Yes, it "makes me tired" to hear of all the cheap trash thrown upon the market. The necessity is reliable goods at reasonable prices, and we have endeavored to supply the demand. We think you will be delighted with the things we are offering in Genta' Furnishing Goods this week. Twenty dozen White Laundered Shirts at 58 cents each; New York Mills muslin, reinforced front and back, 58c.

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GARMENT CUTTING.

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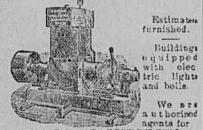
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COMING AND GOING

Wait a minute, grandpa; the Little Ones are coming," Chorused voices shouted from merry rounds

of play; Chitchat, pitpat and little feet drew nearer, While cheery smile lit faces appeared along the way.

Ruddy checks and rosy lips, bright eyes growing brighter;
Nervous feet and tireless tongues kept up a merry strife;
Sun browned hands strotched eagerly to arms held widely open—Hands reaching out, arms reaching back—the story brief of Life.

Told in pantomime so plainly, so clearly set in

picture, That even he who runneth, in letters bold may read;
The Little Ones are coming, but the Older Ones are going;
The story is a true one and the lesson we must heed.

The Little Ones are coming—coming faster and still faster, With firmer step and surer, with no uncer-tain tread; The Little Ones are coming, and the Older Ones

are going,

For the Little Ones grow older and the Older
Ones are—dead.
—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

GOING HOME.

He is going home! Going home! That was the climax of his California dream; the end of the play—and the work; why, no body in the mines and the mountains meant to the context the mountains meant.

body in the mines and the mountains meant to stay there. Still many a good man staid. But all along through the first fifteen or twenty years if every man who wanted to go home could have gone there would have been nothing left in the Sierras but graves, heaps of gravel, prospect holes and battered old picks, shovels, toms, rockers, boots, broken bottles and so on. The whole land would have been as quiet and empty up there as a dead man's hand.

But years later, when men left California, still fortune hunting, and went to the northern mines, they somehow forgot all about the old world, and when fortune found them they came back to California to live and to die. There was nothing, however, very dramatic in this short, safe return from the northern mines in the days of stages, steamers and railroads back to the Golden Gate. Still it was an event and was enjoyed by all most heartily in each camp. And it always seemed to me that the men who took the deepeet and tenderest interest in the "going home" of one of their number were the very men who were nost helpless and most incapable of reaching this one desired end.

I know that when it began to be whispered about that Fred Adams, of Canyon City, had made his "pile" and was going home there was joy in the heart of many a gray headed man who knew right well it would never be said of him that he had made his pile and that he was "going home." And when Fred Adams, defanying home." And when Fred Adams quietly slipped out of camp down to a friend's house and staid all night and weighed his gold dust there on the butcher's scales before starting at daybreak the next morning, and when the news came back to town that the dust weighed well nigh to a hundred pounds, I tell you there were tears of delight in many an old man's eyes at thought of Fred's good fortune. We called him Fred Adams up there, but his name is Judge Adams by title and right, and he is now one of the rich big lawyers of San Francisco.

The first "going home" I ever saw was on Humbug creek, northern Californ on. Never had man or boy such listeners. And when I, thirty years later, told dear old Ainsworth in London how he had been read and listened to in the heart of the Sierras he nearly crushed my hand in his two hands. But this is scattering birdshot. Let us go forward.

Let us go forward.

It is marvelous how ignorant those men were. They were from what was then the "border," largely Missourians, and I doubt if one-half of them could write their names. I know right well what I say, for I wrote many letters for them. Of course there were other men there from other countries. Pat Flannigan, for instance, who kept the store. From France, do you say? No, he was a white Irishman, with a very black beard, and now is the rich and influential president of the Coos Bay bank. He was very popular then, as he is

a very black beard, and now is the rich and influential president of the Coos Bay bank. He was very popular then, as he is still, I reckon, and seeing the dismal ignorance of the miners he and Frank Campbell set a committee to work to get up a "public library." And this is one of its methods: The secretary tacked up the following notice on the door of the saloon known as The Howlin Wilderness:

"Know all men that enny book in this 'ere camp belongs to the publick library except the holy bibel, and enny man found gilty of taking enny book except said bibel will be hung for horse stealing so help me god. (Sighned) The librarion of bored of directors and secretary of said library."

The result was, a preacher who went away as provisions got short left behind a copy of Josephus. This made three books in the library now, and Pat Flannigan employed me at \$2.50 a day, or rather an hour, for the man could not stand more, to go up the creek and read Josephus, to a sick miner there. "You see he has got the scurvy and rheumatism and consumption; I'm afraid he's pretty sick," said Pat pathetically as we approached the low little cabin under the dark fir trees on the hillside.

"Is Josephus the short for Joseph!" asked the long, slim and bony man who

"Is Josephus the short for Joseph?" asked the long, slim and bony man, who lay there with his big, bent and knotty feet sticking far out from under the blan-kets and over the pole that served for a

"Yis, yis, sorr; Josephus is the shorrut for Joseph, Zeke, moi boy." "Is it? Well, by gum! Say, I know all

·Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

about that ere book, sort o' religionslike; jist suit you, see now; and I'd like to hear it again; jist suit you, see now;" and he looked long and meditatively at his queer, twisted toes that were trying to climb up on top of one another away down yonder beyond the other end of the narrow little bed of fir boughs and blankets in the dark corner of the cabin. Then for the third time he said, talking in a whisper to those curious and multitudinous toes, "Jist suit you, see now."

time he said, talking in a whisper to those curious and multitudinous toes, "Jist suit you, see now."

And so I read from Josephus, and the next day I wrote a letter for him to his little sister at home, to Savannah Landing, Mo., and signed Ezekiel Wells, for although he had two brothers with him, young brothers, who were busy "cleaning up" in the claim, and faithful, loving brothers they were, too, not one of them knew even so much of books as the alphabet.

Let it be noted as we go along that nearly all these men were sternly honest, and they all had more or less knowledge of the Bible; many of them, 50 per cent. more than now, had Bible names. It is very curious, a thing worth noting, else I would not bother to set it down; but I reckon they must have brought these names and this tradition of Holy Writ all the way through generations from Virginia and the Carolinas.

In about a week the two younger brothers got all cleaned up in the claim down in the gorge under the cabin, and their friend Flannigan weighed and brought them back their dust, cleaned of black sand and stray bits of clinging quartz and pyrites of iron, nearly \$4,000. Not much, it is true, for three men. But the long, is the true, for three men. But the long, is the creature in the corner, who by this time was pretty well doubled up, all except the persistent and ever moving feet, stopped coughing long enough, as they set the dust in the goldpan by his bedside, to say, "Boys, divide up and go home."

And here was the example of another tradition that had come down all the way, even from beyond old Virginia—the old English loyality and obedience to the head of the family. It is to be sincerely regretted that this has so entirely perished from among us now.

of the family. It is to be sincerely regretted that this has so entirely perished from among us now.

The two young men held their heads si-

from among us now.

The two young men held their heads silently for a moment; then glancing at each other, they came forward.

"Yes; put her in three piles here on the table by the bed, an Hez he'll turn his back an I'll touch one pile with the pint of my jackknife that Pat gave me to peel my toenails with when I get well next week, an he'll say, 'Whose?'"

The poor fellow was tied in a knot coughing for a time, and then he seemed to take up some broken thread of conversation with those remote and multitudinous blue acquaintances down yonder beyond the foot pole till the dust was divided. Then he turned his hollow eyes and looked on the glittering little heaps, and he smiled to see that nearly all the big pieces were heaped on the biggest heap. And he was glad, for that would go to little Hez—little Hez, who had worked night and day all the time that he lay there in the corner talking to his toes. Sim, the other brother, was good, but he had a beard on his chin, and he had a baby at home, too, but this boy was a Benjamin.

"Turn your back, Hez; whose?"

"Brother Zeke."

It was a minute or two before Zeke could see straight enough to touch another pile with any precision. But when it was all divided they came up smilling and propped him in bed.

"Say, Hez," be said as he took the largest piece in his pile in his slim, blue fingers.

divided they came up smiling and propped him in bed.

"Say, Hez," he said as he took the largest piece in his pile in his slim, blue fingers. "say, I want you to take this and buy Sispirote. Oh, won't she cavort to hear it screech and scream and cuss!"

He tossed the nugget into his young brother's heap, and then after tying up and untying himself he took another piece, and tossing it into the other brother's heap he said: "Say, you get her another prote. Boys, get her three pirotes when you get to the isthmus. One might die, and then the other one would be lonesomelike. Yes, one might die. That happens sometimes."

He pushed his gold all over and away from him, and then with the big blade "d the jackknife he divided it in two and made then put it into their long buckskin bags as they stood there before him.

"An now you git; you git tonight; an you git now. Provisions short and the part in our provisions short and the part in the p

bags as they stood there before him.

"An now you git; you git tonight; an you git now. Provisions short, an I need 'em, now as I'm gittin well. Go, go, go tonight! There! Goodby."

One hand to each in a long, hard clasp, and as they hurried out—for their hearts were full and they would not weep, these men of old, in the presence of anybody—they heard a piping, cheery voice calling after them, "Say, don't forget the pirotes for Sis, boys."

I tried to read some more to him sicks.

for Sis, boys."

I tried to read some more to him right away to keep him from talking to his toes about Sis and the "pirotes," and was right in the midst of the struggle between Simon and John, where the streets of Jerusalem were running blood, when he suddenly turned his head and said slowly, "Say, how much more is they of that fightin, an when will you come to where Josephus had that trouble with Potiphar's wife?"

I closed the book and tucked up his feet, telling him as I did so that I would have to ask the librarian about it.

teet, telling him as I did so that I would have to ask the librarian about it.

"That's right; an say, you bring Frank Campbell with you tomorrow. I feel kind o' low, now that the boys is gone, an want to git some specifis to pull me up like. Yes; goodby!"

Yes; goodby!"

Frank Campbell laughed that queer, quiet laugh of his as we went in there the next afternoon, for those feet, as if they must surely be going somewhere, had pushed away out and out and out; and the man's face was entirely under the blankets. Campbell tiptoed up and began to tickle his foot a little as he laughed and laughed that low, quiet laugh of his for to tickle his foot a little as he laughed and laughed that low, quiet laugh of his, for he did not want to startle him. But suddenly he let his right hand fall, and with his left lifted his hat and let it hang low down by his stide as he scid softly to himself, looking at the poor tired feet, "Going home."—Joaquin Miller in San Francisco Coll.

Stopped Him.

"I want a rhyme for lover," said he.
"Glove her," she suggested.
"By Jove! I never thought of that," teid the poet. And then he didn't pro-pose.—Harper's Bazar.

LOCAL STOCKS. The following quotations of Rosnoke and Southwest Virginia stocks are fur nished by Von Hemert & Co., bond and stock brokers, Rosnoke, Va.

BANK AND TRUST COMPANIES.

Per cent. Per cent. Per cent. bid Per cent. bid Per cent. bid asked Last sale per Cent. Semi annual Div. tor 1802 Safe Deposit Co...... 100 100 200
State Savings Bank, Ro 100 100 120
Traders' L. & T. & D.Co 100 100 ... 125

Per value
Per cent,
Pald
Per cent,
Bid
Per cent,
Bid
Per cent,
Bid
Per cent,
Der cent,
Dividend
paid 1391.

ct. prof.; inc. eq. amt. 100 100 70 90 ...
Virginia Liv. Co., Balt. 100 50 ... 40 ...
Virginia L. Co., 6 p.ct. ptd inc. eq. am. com. 100 100 ... 90 ...
Va. R.E. Laes. 6 p.c.ptd. inc. eq. amt. com. 100 100 ... 55 ...
W. End Land Co., Roke 100 100 50 100 ...
West Graham L. &I. Co. 100 43 ... 52 ...
W. Lynchburg L'd Co. 100 100 ... 40 ...
W. Radford L. &I. Co. 100 100 ... 40 ...
W. Radford L. &I. Co. 100 100 ... 40 ...
W. Radford L. &I. Co. 100 100 ... 40 ...
W. Salem L. Co. (Clase C) ... 10 100 ... 56 ...

Washington Zinc Co.,
Lyuchburg. 10 160

Mischilaneous Stocks.
Birld W. W. & Im. 60, 150 160 110 . 10

Fincastle S. & Mar. 60, 160 100 . 60

International Cigarette 160 160 . 60 SS.
Roke Bl. Marbie Co. 160 160 130 . 130 10;
Roke Bl. Marbie Co. 100 160 130 . 130 10;
Roke Bl. Marbie Co. 100 160 130 . 130 10;
B. Vista Cty Sa, M. N. 1934 800 100 . 93

Norfolk City Sa, M. N. 800 100 . 93

Norfolk City Sa, M. & N. 800 100 . 102 . 103 K.
Saiem City Ga, J. 1821, 1000 100 . 102 . 103 K.
Saiem City Ga, J. 1821, 1000 100 . 95

Grabin For Co., 1st m. 68, 200 100 . 8 100 . 100 . Nature Co., 181 1922, 500 100 99 N105 100 . 100 Va. Land Co., 6a 1923. 500 110 99 N105 100 . 100 . 100 Va. Land Co., 6a 1923. 500 110 99 N105 100 .

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